

A LITTLE BOOK
of
PING
PONG
VERSE



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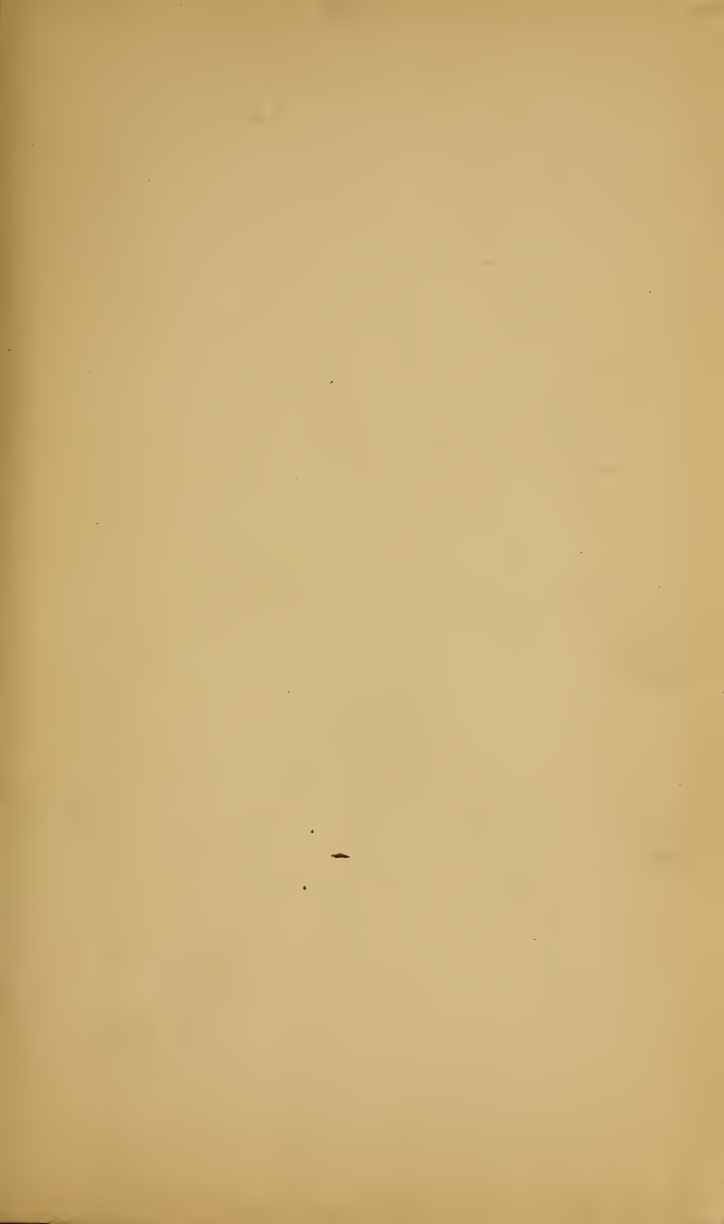


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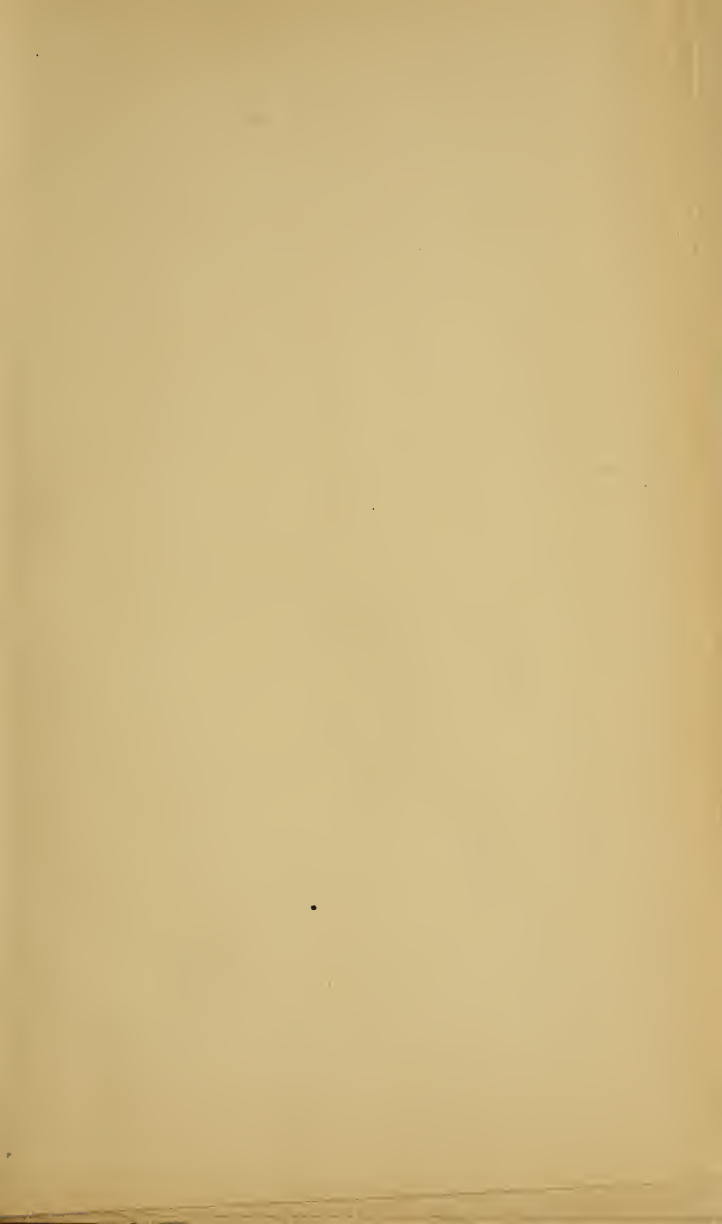
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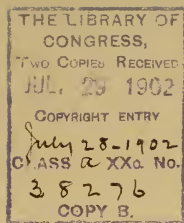
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A LITTLE BOOK OF PING-PONG
VERSE



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A LITTLE BOOK OF PING-PONG VERSE

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Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

A Little Book of Ping-Pong Verse

Containing also the Complete
Rules for Playing the Popular
Game of Table-Tennis

Ping-Pong for breakfast, Ping-Pong for lunch,
Ping-Pong for dinner and tea ;
Ping-Pong for always ; and when I'm asleep
Ping-Pong, I'm dreaming of thee.

Boston

Dana Estes & Company
Publishers

PREFACE

TABLE-TENNIS is a game of comparatively recent origin. It is said to have had its birth, though in very different form, in 1881, but it never obtained the name under which it is celebrated by the versifiers of this book until 1900. It is only within the last two years, in fact, that it has attained general popularity.

The reasons for the extraordinary vogue of the game are not far to seek: First, although a passable knowledge of its rules is very easily acquired, unusual skill is necessary in order to play it well. The manual by Arnold Parker, the English champion, with more than one hundred pages devoted to a discussion of half-volley strokes, forehand strokes, backhand strokes, handicapping, service, etc., suggests that there is more to the game than appears at first. Second, it is inexpensive, and may be enjoyed by many a family that could not afford the luxury of a billiard-table. Then, too, the game furnishes abundant exercise, healthful, vigorous, but not overtaxing. Finally, the fact that ladies can play almost if not quite as well as men, figures among the principal reasons of its popularity.

PREFACE

The verses in this little book make no pretensions to literary merit. If they are amusing and timely, they serve their end. A large number of newspaper rhymes, below the average maintained by these selections, have been read and discarded. The amount of more or less meritorious verse inspired by this everywhere-popular pastime, is very extensive. If anything of real excellence has been overlooked, no one can regret the fact more than the compiler.

The authorized rules for playing follow :

1. The game is for two players. They shall stand one at each end of the table. The player who first delivers the ball shall be called the server, and the other the striker-out.

2. The server shall stand behind the end and within the limits of the width of the table.

3. The service shall be strictly underhand, and from behind the table; that is to say, at the time of striking the ball, the racquet may not be over the table, and no part of the racquet, except the handle, may be above the *waist*.

4. The ball served must drop on the table-top beyond the net, and is then in play. If it drops into the net or off the table it is called a "fault," and counts to the striker-out.

5. There is no second service, *except* when the ball touches the net or posts in passing over *and*

PREFACE

drops on the table beyond the net, when it is called a "let," and another service is allowed.

6. If the ball in play strike any object above or around the table before it drops on the table (net or posts excepted), it counts against the striker.

7. The server wins a stroke if the striker-out fails to return the service, or the ball in play.

8. The striker-out wins a stroke if the server serve a "fault," or fails to return the ball in play so that it falls off the table.

9. No volleying is allowed, whether intentional or otherwise, and if any ball shall be touched before striking the table it counts against the player touching it; should, however, a ball pass the limits of the table without dropping on, it is dead, and counts against the striker.

10. The method of scoring shall be by points, 20 points up constituting a game, the service changing after each five points scored. Should the score reach 19 all, it shall be called "game all," and the best of five points shall decide the game.

The object of the game may be stated in a word; it is to get more points than your opponent. You send the ball over the net upon your opponent's end of the table and the point is yours (1) if, in attempting to return it, he knocks it into the net by too gentle a stroke; (2) if he strikes it too hard, and it not

PREFACE

only goes over the net, but doesn't land on your end of the table at all ; (3) if you place it so on the end of the table that he is not quick or dexterous enough to get it back.

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A LITTLE BOOK OF PING-PONG VERSE

TO CELIA

(With apologies to the shade of Ben Jonson)

PING to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pong with mine;
We twain may win the Challenge cup,
If ping with pong combine:
The craze, that in my soul doth rise,
Is doubtless keen in thine;
I'll take the rôle of pinger up,
If thou'lt be pongstress mine.

Westminster Gazette.

THE PING-PONG BUGLE SONG

THE PING-PONG BUGLE SONG

G RIM portent falls o'er dining-halls,
Excited hearts full high are beating;
O quick! Snatch off the table-cloth
Before the folks have done their eating.
Ping, Father, ping! Set the wild echoes ringing!
And pong, Mother! Answer echoes, ponging,
panging, pinging!

O hark, O hear! How sharp and clear!
As Grand-dad pings across the table!
O faint and far the echoes are, —
With Jenkins ponging in the stable.
Ping! 'Tis the cook and eke the housemaid flinging
Care to the winds and ponging, panging, pinging!

O Love, it palls, — this chasing balls
That hide themselves in dusty places, —
While one, alas, flew in the gas,
And three knocked over valued vases.
Ping! Is it true that angels, no more singing,
With harps for bats, go ponging, panging, pinging?

BURGES JOHNSON.

Critic.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

HER dear papa remains up-stairs,
Mamma thinks games are stupid,
So down we go where our affairs
Are chaperoned by Cupid,
To drive a sphere of celluloid
Across the Ping-Pong table —
O blissful evening thus employed
With Mabel !

A noisy game it is, I own ;
It makes the players dizzy ;
It keeps young Cupid on his throne
With love-counts ever busy ;
Or " vantage in," or " vantage out,"
Since it is " Love " begins it,
I have no great concern about
Who wins it.

So long as Mabel finds delight
In Ping-Pong, there's its glory !
Her parents are removed one flight,
And that's another story ;

PING - PONG

For I intend that she shall hear
The story of this songster
Who is in love with her, his dear
Ping-Pongster.

FELIX CARMEN.

Collier's Weekly.

HER SAD FATE

HER SAD FATE

SHE once was the queen of her fashion-crazed set,
the fairest young quail in the covey,
A picture of beauty and eye-dazzling style, with eyes
most expressively dovey.
Her walk was a sweet revelation of grace, a soft,
dreamy poem of motion,
Her form undulating in willowy curves as smooth as
the swells of the ocean.
Her hand at the terpsichorean blowouts was sought
by the masters of dancing.
Her cling in the dreamy embrace of the waltz they
said was just simply entrancing.
But now in seclusion she wrestles with pain, a truly
disconsolate daughter,
Her beautiful suburbs in bandages swathed. The
Ping-Pong ankle has got 'er!

Denver Post.

SURFEITED

SURFEITED

THE wireless telegram has been
The subject of much song,
And now we think the time is ripe
To greet the pingless pong.

Judge

"CRAZY!"

"CRAZY!"

THE Street's in a panic —
The market went wrong —
But father is smiling,
He beat at Ping-Pong!
Yes; snug in his office
His broker and he
While stocks were all smashing
Played sets eighty-three!

Oh! Mother's been absent
For over a week;
We've had of her presence
Not even a peek.
Her Browning Home Circle
Is going it strong,
Pursuing a course in
Progressive Ping-Pong!

The cook has departed
In dudgeon and scorn,
Because interfered with
At eight in the morn,

" *CRAZY!* "

To give up the table
 She'd had the night long,
And use it for breakfast
 Instead of Ping-Pong!

See Grandma and Grandpa,
 With wrath in their eyes,
Close-matched for the octo-
 Genarian prize
How sad their six decades
 Of honeymoon song
Should suffer suspension
 Through simple Ping-Pong!

Dear baby's the idol
 Amazing the throng;
The champion player
 Is he at Ping-Pong.
In the juvenile tourney
 He's won every set,
And beat all the babies
 To date he has met!

EDWIN L. SABIN.

Puck.

A PING-PONGED POEM

A PING-PONGED POEM

AS the little ball goes pop-
Ping
Pong,
It keeps you busy hop-
Ping
Pong,
To stop the sphere from drop-
Ping
Pong
Out of sight.

You have no time for nap-
Ping
Pong,
But must keep right on rap-
Ping
Pong
The ball as it goes flap-
Ping
Pong
Left and right.

F. P. PITZER.

Judge.

SING A SONG OF PING-PONG

SING A SONG OF PING-PONG

“**W**HERE are you going, my pretty maid?” “I’m going ping-ponging, sir,” she said. “May I go with you, my pretty maid?” “Yes, if you like, kind sir,” she said. She led him away to the Ping-Pong net, and then came an hour he’ll never forget; for his shoulders ache from the many stoops to pick up the balls, and his eyelid droops, where she smote him twice with her racquet small, which left her hand as she struck the ball; and he’ll never ping where she pongs again, for she heard him swear when she pinged him then.

St. Louis Sportsman.

THE PING-PONG GIRL

THE PING-PONG GIRL

“WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?”
“I am going a-ping-ponging, sir,” she said.
“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
“You may, if you wish, kind sir,” she said.
And so, like a martyr, he went along
To learn the game that is called Ping-Pong;
With a strong right arm and an easy grace,
She batted the ball in his open face;
He heaved a sorrowful, love-lorn sigh
As the spherical thing hit him smack in the eye.
The maid struck a sort of an Ajax pose
And, biff, came the ball on the end of his nose;
The next time it hit him a crack on the head,
And then, in a musical voice, she said:
“Oh, tell me, kind sir, do you like this game?”
“Nit, nit!” he replied; “I am sorry I came!”

Boston Post.

PING-PONG VS. CROQUET

PING-PONG vs. CROQUET

OLD Colonel Jenkins told his wife one day he
really thought
To keep abreast of fashion and be up to date they
ought
To get a Ping-Pong layout; he had read about the
same,
And thought there was amusement in the fashionable
game.
His wife gave acquiescence, said the idea was good,
And they would be the envy of the whole blamed
neighbourhood;
She'd show that painted stuck-up thing next door
that her croquet
Was but an old back number game that only fossils
play.

The finest set in Jenkinsville was bought, the printed
rules
Were studied as the lessons are by kids in country
schools,
And soon the practice games were on in amateurish
way,
They showing far more awkwardness than science in
the play.

PING-PONG VS. CROQUET

The stuck-up thing who lived next door could through
her window see

The games which were a sign, she vowed, of im-
becility.

And yet a flame of envy burned quite freely in her
breast

And filled her with a feeling of quite pestering unrest.

'Twas with a grin of ghoulisn glee she one day
chanced to spy

A ball from Mrs. Colonel's side land on the Colonel's
eye

And saw him send it back again with anger in the
hit

Right in her teeth and break the plate and cut her
lip a bit.

Then Mrs. Colonel's racquet flew across the table
and

Upon the Colonel's larboard ear did violently land,
And in the mix-up that ensued the language pro and
con

Was shocking to the neighbors' ears, who all were
catching on !

Of course the action for divorce created quite a stir,
Some laying all the blame on him, some laying it on
her ;

PING-PONG VS. CROQUET

And underneath their active tongues the village
gossips rolled
The precious morsel as if it were ball of purest gold.
The Colonel is a wanderer now, has jumped the town
for good,
His recent helpmate languishes in grass of widow-
hood,
And often through the window peeps to see that
stuck-up thing
Manipulate the croquet balls that neither pong nor
ping.

Denver Post.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

LO! the Ping-Pong craze is booming,
Parlour creatures pirouette,
Prancing in fantastic measure,
Pallid plungers at the net.

Patiently we sit and suffer,
Longing for the peaceful shore,
Where the pingers cease from ponging
And the pongers ping no more.

GEORGE T. PARDY.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A BALLADE OF PING-PONG

A BALLADE OF PING-PONG

I N grandma's day the minuet
They danced with sprightly lissomeness —
Slim maiden figures quaintly set
In stomacher and brocade dress.
Knee breeches bowed to chestnut tress
Politely all the gay night long ;
They aimed at courtly gracefulness —
But nowadays we play Ping-Pong.

In mamma's day the etiquette
On croquet laid especial stress.
And madame twirled her French *mallette*
In sprigged lawn — hooped self-consciousness !
'Twas ladylike to feign distress
Whene'er the ball went rolling wrong,
And all was quiet gentleness ;
But nowadays we play Ping-Pong.

'Twould seem that Pierrot and Pierrette
Are here with all their foolishness ;
For links are being billed " To Let,"
While golf sticks warp in idleness.

A BALLADE OF PING-PONG

The chaperons fight sleepiness,
While billiard-rooms to girls belong.
Ah, might the old times come to bless!
But nowadays we play Ping-Pong.

L'ENVOI

Dame Fashion, stern and merciless,
You rule us with a leaden thong;
But I will shamelessly confess
I spurn allegiance to Ping-Pong.

EMMA L. MACALARNEY.

Munsey's Magazine.

AFTER OMAR

AFTER OMAR

SINCE the active-minded golfers have gotten up a golfers' Omar, why not a Ping-Pong edition, with a verse like this:

Ping! whilst the angry maid in hasty flight
Has swept the table clear, from left to right,
And leaves the room to those who come to pong
And ping it through the lively, livelong night.

Or this:

A polished table 'neath the chandelier,
A vellum bat, a ball and you quite near
Beside me pinging in the dining-room,
The dining-room were paradise, my dear!

Philadelphia Press.

PING-PONG DOWN IN MAINE

PING-PONG DOWN IN MAINE

JIM HIGGINS lives in Dixmont, he thinks he knows a heap ;
You'll often find him prowling while his neighbors are asleep.
He's awful interested in everything that's new,
An' when they started Ping-Pong, Jim he started tew.

You'd oughter see him Ping-Pong in that new-fangled style,
It makes the young folks snicker, an it makes our deacon smile ;
When Jim he gits excited an' rushes rite along,
He often gits things muddled, an' he can't tell ping from pong.

His hair is long an' bushy, an' he's way off in style ;
When he tramps aroun' in Bangor he makes the young folks smile,
But Jim don't care a tinker, he hipers rite along,
He's so mighty interested in that new game Ping-Pong.

PING-PONG DOWN IN MAINE

When Jim gits down tew business his head is pritty
clear,

He never gits it muddled with whiskey, gin, or beer,
He wants us all tew understand that he jus' knows it
all,

Of all the qualities he lacks, he never lacks for gall.

When Jim starts in tew Ping-Pong you'll find all of
us there,

We make all such occasions a family affair.

From the highways an' the byways we'll bundle rite
along,

Tew see Jim Higgins nockerlate, with that new game
Ping-Pong.

You'd oughter see him Ping-Pong in that new-fangled
style,

It makes the young folks giggle, an' it makes our
deacon smile;

When Jim he gits excited an' rushes rite along,

He allers gits things muddled, an' he can't tell ping
from pong.

A. M. T.

New York Sun.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

THE steamer's ropes were hardly down,
When I called up to tourist Brown :
“ What's the news from London town ? ”
And he answered with a frown :
“ Ping-Pong ! Ping-Pong ! ”

“ How about the Parliament ?
Are the Liberals content ?
Is Chamberlain as eloquent ? ”
And he thundered (violent):
“ Ping-Pong ! Ping-Pong ! ”

“ Tut ! tut ! ” says I, “ there's something more,
News of more import, I'm sure ;
How about the wily Boer ? ”
And the dock took up his roar :
“ Ping-Pong ! Ping-Pong ! ”

The name was ringing through my brain,
But still I thought I'd try again ;
“ How about King Edward's reign ? ”
And he shrieked (almost profane):
“ Ping-Pong ! Ping-Pong ! ”

PING - PONG

“ That’s all the news ” (he frowned severe)
“ From Kentish town to Wandsworth pier ;
It’s all you see and all you hear ; ”
And then Brown whooped it in my ear :
“ Ping-Pong ! Ping-Pong ! ”

Canadian Bookseller.

DING - DONG PING - PONG

DING - DONG PING - PONG

S HARP and piercing is the ring
As the sphere on eggshell wing
From the racquet flies in Ping-
Pong.

Hollow, mellow is its song
As it lightly bounds along
On the table court in Pong-
Ping.

And the poets, wearying,
Hunt up rhymes for "pong" and "ping"
For their never ending sing
song.

Catholic Standard and Times.

PINGPONGITIS

PINGPONGITIS

O H, what's this very funny game
Pray tell me, if you please,
That looks like tennis, feels like golf,
And sounds like Cantonese, —
That occupies the billiard-room
And makes the welkin ring?—
Why, that's the game
That's known to fame
As Ping-Pong, Ping-Pong,
Ping,
Pong,
Ping.

CHORUS

Sing a song of Ping-Pong, chasing after balls,
Crawling under furniture — oh, give me Overalls!

The dame of rank grows hot and dank
With exercising hard;
The stately virtue of repose
No more is on the card;
E'en grandpa swings the racquet high
Where balls are on the wing —

PINGPONGITIS

For that's the game
That's known to fame
 As Ping-Pong, Ping-Pong,
 Ping,
 Pong,
 Ping.

CHORUS

Sing a song of Ping-Pong, played with ball and
 racque,
Breaking records, furniture, glass, and bric-à-brac.

Will you call on Friday night
 And ping with me a pong?
Wear a bathing suit and bring
 A fencing-mask along —
Better train and be prepared
 For any sort of thing.
We'll play the game
That's known to fame
 As Ping-Pong, Ping-Pong,
 Ping,
 Pong,
 Ping.

CHORUS

Sing a song of Ping-Pong — better take a try.
There's your rival — now's your chance to hit him in
 the eye!

PINGPONGITIS

No more the Scotch disease of golf
The microbe's fond delight is;
The epidemic now in vogue
Is mania pingpongitis.
Oh, quarantine and vaccinate
This blight whereof I sing,
For 'tis the game
That's known to fame
As Ping-Pong, Ping-Pong,
Ping,
Pong,
Ping.

CHORUS

Sing a song of Ping-Pong, raging through the town.
O doctor, give me chloroform ere I am taken down!

WALLACE IRWIN.

News-Letter.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

O H, the game is very silly,
But you like it, willy-nilly.
It is dashing —
Balls are flashing —
When Ping-Pong's played.

Oh, the laughter and the chatter,
As the ball goes pitter-patter.
Oh, the twirling
And the hurling,
When Ping-Pong's played.

All the lassies' cheeks are ruddy,
On a jump is everybody.
Hearts are beating
Love's sweet greeting,
When Ping-Pong's played.

ROLAND LEWIS JAMES.

Brooklyn Eagle.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

THEY stood at a table on which was a string
Of network the table's breadth long,
Over which a small ball, racquet-driven, went "ping"
And returned with a resonant "pong."

She was lovely and young — quite an exquisite thing;
He was handsome and stalwart and strong.
It is needless to add that her racquet went "ping"
While he served with the resonant "pong."

Untiring they played and the hours took wing.
The butler had beaten the gong,
But, dinner despite, she continued to "ping"
And he likewise continued to "pong."

There was "love" in his score, but he felt it no
sting
And her play pretty often was wrong.
When her eyes met his she neglected to "ping"
And he vainly endeavored to "pong."

Surely you know the rest, so I might as well bring
To an end this melodious song.

PING - PONG

It was "game" — lost or won by her delicate "ping"
Counter-checking his blundering "pong."

For his arms clasped her form in a close-gripping
ring —

By good luck they were far from the throng —
And a sound broke the stillness beginning like "ping"
And ending in something like "pong."

Chicago News.

ONLY A PING-PONG BALL

ONLY A PING-PONG BALL

HOW does the nimble little ball
Enjoy each "ping" and "pong!"
It also loves to take a fall
And roll the floor along;
'Twill lead you then a merry race,
As any maiden coy,
And should it find a hiding-place,
It hugs itself with joy.

You grope about upon the floor,
And push the chairs aside;
You mark the ball behind the door
And throw it open wide;
You catch a glimpse of shiny white,
A moment — but too late!
Before your hand is on it quite,
It runs beneath the grate.

You grasp the poker, push below
The fender, all in vain;
The little sphere is lying low
Beneath the lounge again!

ONLY A PING-PONG BALL

Meanwhile, the dust is in your eyes,
And also makes you sneeze ;
But worse ! the trousers most you prize
Are bagging at the knees !

Then some one cries, " Oh, Mister Brown !
You spoilt my last return !"
You gulp your rising anger down,
Exhibit no concern ;
But as at last you win the ball,
And no one tenders thanks,
You find your way into the hall,
And fill the air with — blanks !

THOMAS DYKES BEASLEY.

San Francisco Examiner.

OWED TO PING-PONG

OWED TO PING-PONG

(With the customary apologies to the shades of the late Mr. Poe)

SEE the pongster with his ping —

Hateful thing !

O, what staccato echoes are awakened by its twing ;

How it rattles and it clatters on the frantic

Air of night ;

How you smite

In delight,

And you swear its fascination overcomes you —

O, yes, quite, —

(If the buttons of your trousers have been sewed on
Good and tight,)

And you mustn't show emotion by a look or by

Complaint

If they ain't.

You must play, play, play in a manner blithe and gay,

Striving never to lean over lest the whole thing

Give away

with

a

Ping pong pang pung,

Pyngue pongue pangue pungue, —

With a pinging and a panging of the pong.

OWED TO PING-PONG

See the pingstress with her racquet
Hit the 'fenceless ball and smack it, —
How she whacks it and she thwacks it;
Also slams and bangs and cracks it;
Till she swats you in the peeper and
Unfortunately blacks it!
And the handsome dinner-table
Is defaced most re-mark-able,
While the buffet and the chairs, —
O, that buffet and those chairs,
Where the horrid little sphere
Finds a dozen dusty lairs,
Where it lurks, where it lurks,
And despiseth all your prayers,
All your coaxings,
And your smirks,
Till you mutter furtive swears
At this demon and his works, —
At this gutta-percha demon, and his diabolic works,
Of the
Ping, pong, etc.

Hear the pongster with his pong
All day long,
And till the midnight air is burdened with its
Irritating song, —
How you dive beneath the table in your maddening

OWED TO PING-PONG

Pursuit for the ball,
How you root,
Till you overturn the table, and the Pingstress cries :
“ You brute ! ”
Then you rush from the crush
To the quiet soothing hush
Of your room,
And you ponder in the gloom,
And you dream, —
O, you dream,
And you scream,
For the phantom pongsters seem
To be playing on your chest,
In their pingful pongful zest, —
Lack-a-day you have no rest
From
the
Ping pong pung, etc.

H. R. G.
Baltimore News.

THE EVOLUTION OF PING-PONG

THE EVOLUTION OF PING-PONG

EXHIBIT A, a stadium,
Where youths, inadequately dressed,
A loaded cestus on each fist,
Pounded each other, face and chest.
They called that boxing. Then, perhaps,
They'd run a thousand yards or so.
They jumped. They wrestled, no holds barred.
They did the twelve-pound discus throw.
And for a prize, the victor wore
Two laurel sprigs, or maybe three,
For this was gentlemanly sport
In seven twenty-four B. C.

Exhibit B, a tilting yard,
Where men in courtly manners versed
Disguised themselves as ironclads,
And ran each other down, head first.
To push Sir Johndoe from his horse
Each gentle knight his best assayed.
Such was the object of the game,
And strenuously was it played.
He of the stoutest lance might win
His lady's glove, or scarf, or shoe,

THE EVOLUTION OF PING-PONG

For this was gentlemanly sport,
In fourteen hundred twenty-two.

Exhibit C, a drawing-room,
Where wild-eyed men in evening clothes
Tap fiercely at a small white ball
And, missing, mutter gentle oaths.
Racquets the size of coffee-spoons,
A table and a three-inch net.
Fair maidens by to watch the play,
And there you have a Ping-Pong set.
Medals, for this, and silver cups
We feel are but the victor's due,
For this is gentlemanly sport,
Of A. D. Nineteen hundred two.

PHILIP L. ALLEN.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

THE PING-PONG POETS

THE PING - PONG POETS

AH Poetry ! Thy form I see
All mangled by the throng
That warbles into ecstasy
About the game Ping-Pong.

No more the noble, stately muse
Can love of Nature bring ;
No more the raptured poets use
The tender themes of Spring.

The hawthorn-tree is all aglow
With blossoms pinkish red,
But the poets do not seem to know —
They write Ping-Pong instead.

The violet has bloomed in vain ;
The poppy's blaze is dim ;
No rhymster nowadays is sane,
Life's all Ping-Pong to him.

What charm has now the linnet's voice ?
What joy the bluebird's song ?
No more in these the bards rejoice ;
They only sing Ping-Pong.

THE PING-PONG POETS

The poets once were "fired with zeal,"
As I've heard preachers say ;
The Ping-Pong poet tribe, I feel,
Should all be fired that way.

Give not the sordid prize ¹ to me —
The ten in cash, I mean —
Competing for a poet's fee
My muse will ne'er be seen.

But if by any chance it seem
That some prize I should get,
I must confess my fondest dream
Is just a Ping-Pong set.

There's more I'd write on this queer fad
Of poets all gone wrong ;
To scourge these rhymsters I'd be glad,
But I must play Ping-Pong.

THOMAS NUNAN.

San Francisco Examiner.

¹ The *San Francisco Examiner* offered a cash prize of \$10.00 for the best poem on the subject of Ping-Pong. Nearly one thousand manuscripts were submitted in competition.

THE LATEST GAME

THE LATEST GAME

NOW Gladys with her lovely eyes,
And Phyllis with her art,
Between them o'er the silken net
Play Ping-Pong with my heart.

Judge.

HIAWATHA'S PING-PONGING

HIAWATHA'S PING-PONGING

HIAWATHA hurried homeward,
Galloped homeward from the city,
Hurried homeward with a package,
A neat package that he carried,
And at last, before his tepee,
Yelled : " Oh, Minnie — Minnehaha,
Come and see what papa's brought you —
Brought to you back from the city,
From the gay haunts of the paleface."

Out came smiling Minnehaha,
Wearing an old pair of slippers
That she'd found upon a scrap-heap,
Also wearing a red bathrobe
That some fat man had discarded.

Hiawatha with his jack-knife
Cut the string and ripped the paper
And took out the little paddles
And some balls that lightly bounded
And a little net and told her
Of the splendid game of Ping-Pong,
Told her how the proud white people,

HIAWATHA'S PING-PONGING

The gay people in the city,
Played it till their clothes got soggy,
Till their backs ached and their muscles
Got all knotted up and tangled.

Minnehaha poked fun at him
As he fixed up an old barn door
On two stumps behind the tepee.
“ This,” she said, “ may do for children,
But shall noble Hiawatha,
Shall my tall and handsome warrior
Monkey with these little paddles?
Shall the buck who slays the panther
And who calmly chokes the wildcat
Fool with such a game as this is? ”

“ Never mind,” said Hiawatha ;
“ Take your paddle and get ready.”
Then he swiftly served a twister,
And the ball, in bouncing, struck her
On the nose and made it tingle.
“ Here,” she hollered, “ try it over,
And I’ll knock it through the tree tops,
I will send it through the rushes,
And across the sougning sedges,
So blamed far you’ll never find it.”

HIAWATHA'S PING-PONGING

Hiawatha served it swiftly,
And the gentle Minnehaha
Tripped upon her old red bathrobe,
Stepped upon a trailing corner,
In her eagerness, her hurry,
Tripped and turned an airy flip-flap,
Rose up in the circumambient
Atmosphere and lost a slipper —
Rose and yelled for Hiawatha
To be kind enough to stop her,
Rose, and, with her red robe waving
Like a frightful danger signal,
Turned a time or two on nothing,
And then landed in a puddle
Where the tadpoles loved to frolic.

Hiawatha, the tall warrior,
Rushed around and bent above her,
Crying : “ Here, my Minnehaha,
Here I am — I’ve come to help you.”
Up she rose and out she waded,
Saying things to him in Injun
That, alas ! cannot be printed ;
And she grabbed the net and tore it
Into more than sixty pieces ;
She knocked down the door and smashed it,

HIAWATHA'S PING-PONGING

And then grabbed a Ping-Pong paddle
And went after Hiawatha.

Here and there he hurried, dodging
Things she grabbed up and threw at him,
And she called him names and told him
That she'd make him when she caught him
Curse the man who had invented
* The infernal game of Ping-Pong.
Chicago Record-Herald.

PING - PONGOMANIACS

PING - PONGOMANIACS

ANOTHER craze has struck the earth, another
toney fad

O'er which the monkey doodle ranks have gone stark,
staring mad,

The pinging of the ball against the racquet's drummy
hide

Is answered by the ponging when it hits the other
side.

Around the tables group the slaves of this new fol-de-
rol

To watch the flying antics of the cunning little
ball

As it is batted to and fro with many skilful whacks
By victims of the new disease — Ping-Pong-omaniacs.

Progressive euchre now is but a 'way back number
game,

Bridge whist, the one-time favorite, no longer basks
in fame,

The fascinating game of draw, once played upon the
sly

By stately dames for nickel chips, has been con-
demned to die.

PING-PONGOMANIACS

All sorts of sports that once were held in social love,
alas!

Must go 'way back and seat themselves; they're in
the has-been class,

For now the gilded parlors in the fashionable shacks
Are filled with poor demented folk — Ping-Pong-
omaniacs.

The millionaire, so money proud, the nabobs of the
banks,

The Congressmen and notables of high official ranks,
The ministers who fit their talk to fashionable ears,
The hogs who grunt at head of trusts, the scheming
financiers,

The gay-gowned dames of fashion's set who lead the
social swim,

The belles in tailor-made attire with figures built so
trim,

Upon the olden parlor sports have turned their toney
backs,

And now are poor unfortunate Ping-Pong-omaniacs.

Denver Post.

FATE

FATE

(With the necessary apologies)

TWO shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues and have no
thought

Each of the other's being, and no heed ;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end —
That one day at the table they shall meet
And bang the Ping-Pong ball across the net.

Chicago Record-Herald.

I'LL NEVER WRITE

I'LL NEVER WRITE

I'VE often written trifling verse
On foolish themes or fancies light ;
Better it might have been — or worse —
Its merit, like its matter, slight.
But I abjure all hackneyed, trite,
Or obvious subjects for my song ;
Of fashion's fads I won't indite ;
I'll never write about Ping-Pong !

The growing habit I asperse,
For not a paper meets my sight
But Ping-Pong's praises 'twill rehearse
In doggerel, till I'm sickened quite.
My anger rises to its height ;
I will not join the twaddling throng
And on my record cast a blight ;
I'll never write about Ping-Pong !

Though 'twould put money in my purse,
(And I am in most needy plight),
My Pegasus I can't coerce
To start on such unworthy flight.

I'LL NEVER WRITE

Though I've ideas new and bright,
My resolution is so strong,
E'en should an editor invite,
I'll never write about Ping-Pong !

ENVOI

Reader, I play from morn till night;
I'm Ping-Pong's slave, or right or wrong ;
So, since I have no time to write,
I'll never write about Ping-Pong !

CAROLYN WELLS.

Life.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

WHO cares to play at cricket,
Who cares to kick a ball,
To suffer hacks at hockey
Or chance a nasty fall?
Far better don your slippers,
Enjoy your cigarette,
Play Ping-Pong in the parlor
Across a little net.

In cycling there are tumbles,
And puncturable tires;
And if you hunt, perhaps you court
A cropper on the wires.
In rowing there are blisters
That possibly may chafe,
But Ping-Pong in the parlor
Is absolutely safe.

The river has its dangers,
The picnic has its snares,
The motor car may run away
Or butt you unawares.

PING - PONG

It is a consolation
No parent will deny
That Ping-Pong in the parlor
Would never hurt a fly.

Our prowess in athletics
May pass to other lands
And later generations see
Our cups in foreign hands ;
Yet still the might of England
Shall everywhere be known —
At Ping-Pong in the parlor
Our sons shall hold their own.

Then twirl your tiny racquets,
And pat your celluloid ;
Be careful that your quick returns
The coffee cups avoid.
Flick hard, ye men of sinew,
And pirouette in style !
The ladies of the parlor
Are watching all the while.

Westminster Gazette.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

A YOUTH there was who pinged full well,
A maid who ponged for sure —
So steadily they played one day
While Cupid kept the score.

He toss'd the ball ; she sent it back —
Then suddenly gasped he :
“ Will you be,” ping, “ my bride, my own ? ”
“ I will, my love ! ” ponged she.

Forthwith they hied them to the church,
The sexton tolled the bell.
Ping-Pong, Ping-Pong, it seemed to say,
As each note rose and fell.

And now this model citizen
Lolls in his chair at ease,
While near him sits his little wife,
Her first-born on her knees.

She gently rocks the babe to sleep,
And hugs it warm and strong,
Still softly crooning to herself,
Ping-Pong, Ping-Pong — Ping — Pong.

C. A. B.

Montreal Herald.

THE PING-PONG GIRL

THE PING-PONG GIRL

I N the days of Aunt Maria
They played with a shuttlecock,
And made it soar with a battledore
And a diffident feminine knock.
But now the Ping-Pong banner
Is the one that we all unfurl,
For she plays in a fetching manner —
The paragon Ping-Pong girl.

It's good for the indigestion,
And certainly it deserves
All credit due as something new
That's good for delicate nerves;
And after a cheerful dinner,
With a fairly festive throng,
Then either a saint or sinner
Is glad to play Ping-Pong.

For Ping-Pong has an advantage
That few other games can show,
It displays the charms of shapely arms,
In a bodice cut fairly low;

THE PING-PONG GIRL

And a girl who is jimp and slender
Can bet on looking her best
When she enters as a contender
In the popular Ping-Pong test.

Then play with your Aunt Maria,
And play with your Cousin Jane ;
You may beat the " Spin," let the pretty
girl win,
If you want her to play again !
For she'd be very apt to " hate yer,"
Since to lose is a thing that stings,
And there's plenty of human nature
In the heart of the girl that " pings."

It's certainly better in one way
Than baccarat, bridge, or loo,
For it's good for the health ; and as for wealth
Why, it's good for the pocket, too ;
Since you never get caught in the network
Of the innocent Ping-Pong nets,
And you'll do no harassing " fret-work "
Over plaguing Ping-Pong debts.

Then play all day at Ping-Pong
(Don't bother about the name,

THE PING-PONG GIRL

Which suggests "jim-jams" and "diddle-
diddle-dams,"

But it gets there just the same !)

So choose a becoming bodice

(That's a most important thing),

And you'll be proclaimed as goddess

Of the paragon girls who "ping."

Buffalo Evening News.

PING-PONG

PING-PONG

PING-Pong

Is what?

Great Scott!

Better ask, what not?

Here --- there,

Everywhere,

Tick --- tack

Over --- back,

Click clock ---

Another knock,

No score,

On the floor,

Under the table,

Are you able

To turn and twist

Like a contortionist?

Bat it --- biff!

Just a whiff,

There --- where?

In the air ---

Oh, my ---

In the eye!

Down again ---

PING - PONG

Crawl — sprawl
Let it fall —
Prance — dance,
Jump — hump,
Twist your wrist —
Tip — tap —
Snippitty snap,
Never stop
Pop — pop —
Now you know,
Sure enough,
It's hot stuff —
Red hot —
Gee whiz!
That's what
Ping-Pong is!

KATE MASTERSON.

A BALLADE

A BALLADE

WHAT words are these from the open door?
Hush, my child, 'tis the ball on the floor.
What howls are these in the stilly night?
Hush, my child, 'tis a bitter fight,
Your sire wars with his frantic wife,
Hear the horrid clangor of awful strife.
Hear the shrieks of rage and the words of shame,
'Tis papa and mamma and the Ping-Pong game.

What thud is that — and what awful crash?
'Tis the pendant Lowestaff gone to smash.
What flash is that — and what frightful roar?
'Tis your grandsire's timepiece, alas no more,
And the lamp-shades fall with fearful din,
And your father's talk is a grievous sin,
And your mother's eyes are alight with flame,
As she beats papa at the Ping-Pong game.

Is it earthquake or festive dynamite?
'Twas your father's fall — and he is not light.
Volcanic eruption? Nay, not so,
'Tis your father's words neither soft nor low,

A BALLADE

And the table's wrecked and the carpet ripped,
You can see the slash where your sire tripped,
And your mother faints in a mist of fame,
She has waxed papa at the Ping-Pong game.

R. F. ANDREWS.

Waterbury American.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

WE are playing table tennis —

Nay, I'm wrong —

Ping-Pong —

And my name will soon be Dennis —

(Sound the gong !)

Ping-Pong !

We've a net across the table,

And the place resembles Babel,

Stand the din I won't be able

Very long.

Ping-Pong.

We have smashed the chandelier —

Blows are strong —

Ping-Pong.

And the cat — no more we see her —

Sing " Ding-dong " —

Ping-Pong.

She is drowned without a doubt, sir,

For she knows what she's about, sir.

Tommy Stout can't pull her out, sir,

As in song.

Ping-Pong.

So I'm cussing table tennis.

PING - PONG

Is it wrong?

Ping-Pong.

And I know my name is Dennis,

Good and strong.

Ping-Pong.

I could burn the blooming racquet!

If I lost it would I track it?

Oh, most cheerfully I'd pack it

To Hong Kong.

Ping-Pong.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

A DILEMMA

A DILEMMA

THE Ping-Pong ankle is an ill
That's come in with the game ;
And all the lady players will,
'Tis said, contract the same.

But how shall they who do not play,
Not seeing, surely know it?
And the afflicted — how shall they
In modesty e'er show it?
Columbus Evening Dispatch.

PING! PONG!

PING! PONG!

"PING! Pong! Ping! Pong!

All the night and all day long,

Ping! Pong! Ping! Pong!

Serve it swift and swat it strong."

New York Sun.

PING, BROTHERS! PONG WITH CARE!

PING, BROTHERS! PONG WITH CARE!

PING, brothers! Pong with care,
Pong outdoors in the open air.
A Ping-Pong ball of celluloid fair,
A Ping-Pong net, of posts a pair,
Two Ping-Pong bats of white wood rare.
It's Ping-Pong here and Ping-Pong there,
They're playing Ping-Pong everywhere.
Ping-Pong sets are free as air,
So ping, brothers! Pong with care.

Anon.

THE PING-PONG BIRD

THE PING-PONG BIRD

THERE'S an awful creature that flies by
night,
Seeking the gas or candle light,
Bumping and banging here and there,
Under the table, behind the chair,
Over the sideboard, against the wall,
Down the dumb-waiter, into the hall,
Backward and forward, to and fro,
Upward and downward, fast and slow,
In every household in every town,
People hasten to hunt it down.
Father, mother and Uncle Ned,
Sister, brother and little Ted,
Aunt Maria and Cousin Sue,
Doctor Boneset — the minister, too —
All are striving with might and main,
Tired muscles and weary brain,
Gasping, panting and short of breath,
Staggering, stamping, done to death —
All the evening and half the night —
Waging a helpless, hopeless fight,
Urging others to join the hunt.
Hearts of granite and feelings blunt,

THE PING-PONG BIRD

Duty, service and work forgot —
Dusty, thirsty, disheveled, hot —
Chasing the creature — rapt, intent —
Sore and suffering, weary, bent,
While over the stricken land is heard
The horrid hoot of the Ping-Pong bird.

FREDERICK WHITE.

PING - PONG POETRY

PING - PONG POETRY

DELIGHTFUL game,
With unctuous name,
Ping-Pong —
The same.
What joyous sound,
With every bound
The ball goes
Ping.
Delicious thing,
And then goes
Pong.
My soul be calm.
Mellifluous Ping,
Melodious Pong ;
Be calm, oh, soul,
Be calm.
From Mafeking
We hear the Ping,
From far Hong Kong
Come sounds of Pong ;
From Rome to Guam
Steals now
Ping-Pong,

PING-PONG POETRY

As soft as any
Angel's psalm —
My ruffled soul's
Sweet balm —
Ping-Pong.
I know the angels
Love to play
Ping-Pong
All day ;
On some soft cloud
Ping-Pong's allowed,
Where afternoons
Sweet seraphs all
Can pat
The opalescent ball ;
They know a thing
Or two of
Ping ;
You bet they're on
To Pong.
It's dull below,
I want to go,
I want to shirk
And work,
And die
And fly
Far in the sky,

PING - PONG POETRY

And play, all day,
Ping-Pong ;
Oh, say,
St. Peter, say
Where lies the way,
Where I can play
Ping-Pong
Alway?
“ Correct,”
Says Pete,
“ Just stir your feet
Up this gold street,
And when you hear
Some joyful sounds
Go in ;
You’ve struck the
Ping-Pong
Grounds.”
’Nuff said,
I’m dead ;
No weeps in ours —
Cut out the flowers ;
I’m on the wing
For Ping.
So long
For Pong.

Spokane Chronicle.

A LOVE SCORE

A LOVE SCORE

WHEN Claribelle and I at Ping-Pong play,
So skilfully the racquet she doth wield
That to her skill my lack of it must yield,
And all that I can score is "Love" alway.
Then to the little god of Love I pray:
"Let her not, conquering me, seek some new field,
Nor guess that I have thrown each game away
Just to hear her say 'Love' ten times a day."
And, when to Cupid I had thus appealed,
She laughed at me and gayed my want of skill
And said: "The game's 'Love-Forty!' Nearly done!"
Ah! she would gain a greater vict'ry still
If she would change "Love-Forty" to "Love-One!"
Let her do this and, sure as I'm a sinner,
Though my score be but "Love," I'll prove a winner.

New York World.

THE PING-PONG PANG

THE PING-PONG PANG

SAY, have you felt the Ping-Pong pang
That takes you at the knee
Or ankle joint, and swells it up
Until you say, "Oh, gee!"

It doesn't hurt so much as swell;
But no one wants his limb
To look like that no more than
He wants to have it slim.

The doctor's helpless in the case,
Because he doesn't know,
As yet, exactly what it is
That makes it swell up so.

Therefore, Ping-Pongers, please restrain
Your wild, impetuous bang,
Lest it should happen that you get
The dreadful Ping-Pong pang.

W. J. LAMPTON.

New York Herald.

A PING-PONG SOLILOQUY

A PING-PONG SOLILOQUY

TO Ping, or not to Ping — that is the question ;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous pongsters,
Or by engaging, end them? To ping — to pong —
To bat the ball across the gleaming board ;
To end the constant questions of the crowd
Who gaily poise the racket in the hand
And ask us why we do not take a part,
Or if we fear the strenuosity
Which cometh with the action of the game?
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
To Ping — to Pong — to Pung!
Perchance to pang!
Aye, there's the rub!
For in that Pingful Ponging of the sport
What pangs may come?
What wrenching of the shoulder-blades?
What bruising of the knuckles and the wrists?
What agonizing backache from the stoops,
The twists, the leaps, the lurches,
And the never-ending bendings of the work?
To smile with joyous countenance, forsooth,
Well-knowing that but at the last wild dive

A PING-PONG SOLILOQUY

A villainous suspender button burst its leash
And clattered wickedly against the wall,
Caroming viciously upon the floor,
And clanging resonantly on the boards,
Apprising all who heard and all who saw
That we are but a bachelor, who pins his faith to
 buttons
That are pinned in turn
By aid of shingle nail or piece of wire?
Who would racquets bear?
To groan and sweat beneath the weary gait
That setteth paces for the ones who play,
But for the dread of being known
As something out-of-date, behind the times —
As one who lingers sadly in that bourne from which
No traveler returns — the realm of the passé —
Or else, forsooth, that he is much too fat
To spread his spryness to the world?
Ah, yes! It is this dread — this fear
Of manifesting our obesity
That makes us bear the evils that we know,
And rank among the ones who but look on,
Than fly to those we know not of!
Thus fatness doth make cowards of us all,
And cause us fear the pangful game of Ping-Pong!

Baltimore American.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

THE shades of night were falling fast
As through a London suburb passed
A youth who bore a worried look,
And muttered as his way he took —
“ Ping-Pong ! ”

His brow was sad, his eye, annoyed,
Flashed like a globe of celluloid ;
And like a wooden racquet rung
The accents from his weary tongue —
“ Ping-Pong ! ”

In happy homes he saw a blight,
Their “ household fires ” were out of sight,
For where the glacial globules shone
They'd quite forgot to put coals on —
“ Ping-Pong ! ”

“ Try not to serve,” the old man said,
“ Dark lower's a failure on your head ;
The chiffonier is yawning wide,”
But still his weary voice replied —
“ Ping-Pong ! ”

PING - PONG

“ Oh, stay,” the maiden said, “ and rest,
While for the ball we go make quest ! ”
A glare lit up his frenzied eye ;
“ There’s plenty more left,” was his sigh —
“ Ping-Pong ! ”

“ Beware the volley mad and rash,
Beware the awful, cunning ‘ smash,’ ”
‘ This was the p’liceman’s last good-night,
A voice replied through the lamplight —
“ Ping-Pong ! ”

At break of day, as on his beat,
A constable in Oxford Street
Muttered for six o’clock a pray’r,
A voice rang on the silent air —
“ Ping-Pong ! ”

A traveler, prostrate on the ground,
Somewhere in Camden Town was found,
Still clinging to a racquet fast
And wildly murmuring to the last —
“ Ping-Pong ! ”

There in the morning cold and gray,
Brainless yet beautiful he lay ;

PING - PONG

And fell a voice on him from far,
" Good Lord, what asses some folks are ! "

" Ping-Pong ! "

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

The Sketch.

A SUMMER-TIME LAMENT

A SUMMER-TIME LAMENT

WHEN the days were cold and snowy,
When the winds were chill and blowy,
Sweetheart, you and I would play
All the livelong winter's day
At Ping-Pong.

How that ball of bubble lightness
Flitted back and forth in brightness.
Those were days without a care,
Playing, sweetheart, with you there
At Ping-Pong.

But now the leaves are on the trees,
And fanned by some sweet southern breeze,
The proper thing to do, 'tis said,
Is play at tennis now instead
Of Ping-Pong.

Alas, the racquet and the net
And balls and things that I forget
Cost so much, love, that we must fain
Await the frost and play again
At Ping-Pong.

Omaha World-Herald.

TABLE - TENNIS - OVITIS

TABLE - TENNIS - OVITIS

I F still your chief delight it is
In a "smart" Ping-Ponging set,
If with ardor that not slight is
You that pastime still abet:
There's a new disease in "itis,"
Which you ought at once to get —
It is *teno-synovitis* —
Do you think you've had it yet?

If your left leg or your right is
Prone to aching, don't you know,
When a tussle at its height is
And your body's weight you throw
On your "pedal arch," your plight is
In effect quite *comme il faut*:
Yes! you've *teno-synovitis*,
If you'll only call it so!
London Truth.

THE PING-PONG ANKLE

THE PING-PONG ANKLE

AND now the Ping-Pong ankle
Is scaring faddists gay
Who gather round the table
And there Ping-Pong away.
'Tis latest of the ailments
That fads have brought about,
And those who've been against it
Say it's as bad as gout.

We've had the golfing shoulder,
We've had the biking back,
We've had the tennis elbow
And other ills that rack,
But worse than all the others
That fads have brought along
Is this queer ankle trouble
Connected with Ping-Pong.

It twists the nerves and muscles
Concealed in players' shins
And spoils the curves of beauty
In fairest sets of pins.

THE PING-PONG ANKLE

It swells the neatest ankles
That e'er made owner vain,
And when they're thus expanded
It loads them up with pain.

Among the English faddists
This ailment first appeared,
And soon a lot of players
Were by it badly queered.
'Twas hoped that Yankee ankles
Would not be thus made lame,
But on this side the trouble
Is spreading with the game.

Now, if our fair Ping-Pongers
Must thus afflicted be,
There's one sure plan of action
On which we'll all agree.
We want neat Yankee ankles,
Of that there's not a doubt,
And if their curves are threatened,
We'll just cut Ping-Pong out.
Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

ALL KINDS

ALL KINDS

THIS life is nothing but a game :
Such is the poet's sing-song.
Sometimes it is like checkers, tame,
And sometimes brisk — like Ping-Pong !
Washington Star.

THE WORST OF ALL

THE WORST OF ALL

THE Ping-Pong wrist is but one ill ;
The Ping-Pong face, too well we know it ;
But please, oh, please, won't some one kill
The puling, punning Ping-Pong poet !
Philadelphia Record.

PING-PONG SONG

PING-PONG SONG

O H, listen to the pinging of the pong, pong, pong.
In my ears there is a ringing like a gong, gong,
gong.

Everybody's got the craze, and they're spending all
their days,

With the pinging, pinging, pinging of the pong,
pong, pong.

And when they get excited they won't even stop for
lunch,

But take a little bracer in a Ping-Ping Punch.

Oh, it's got 'em all a-going, and their medals they are
showing,

With the pinging, pinging, pinging of the pong,
pong, pong.

Our lives are very strenuous with this violent exer-
cise,

As we're striving for a medal or a Ping-Pong prize.

And our muscles are immense and our sufferings
intense,

With the pinging, pinging, pinging of the pong,
pong, pong.

PING-PONG SONG

Now the men all have their "rackets" in the house
most every night.

Bric-à-brac's knocked off the brackets when the game
gets good and tight.

And we linger round the table just as long as we are
able,

With the pinging, pinging, pinging of the pong,
pong, pong.

C. R. KELLY.

San Francisco Examiner.

THE EVENT OF THE DAY

THE EVENT OF THE DAY

HARK!
It is the dinner gong —
Sweet song
That sounds its echoing boom.
Mark
The guests, how now they throng
Headlong
Into the dining-room.
To dine, you say?
Oh, no; to play
Ping-Pong!

FRANK M. BICKNELL.

Smart Set.

RELIEF AT LAST

RELIEF AT LAST

THANK Summer ! Indoors it's too hot
And Ping-Pong's name is Dennis !
We'll seek the outdoor, grassy plot
And go 'way back to tennis !

Baltimore News.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

THE shades of night were falling fast
As to the dining-room there passed
A youthful pair, who gaily bore
A box, on which was this — no more —
“ Ping-Pong.”

They cleared the table with a swish,
From doily down to butter-dish;
Then through the centre stretched a net,
And soon the ball the racquet met —
Ping-Pong.

“ Try not the game ! ” the housemaid cried.
“ The dinner’s ready now,” she sighed,
“ And I must put it on the board.”
The young man turned and fiercely roared :
“ Ping-Pong.”

The cook strode to the open door
And cautioned them to cease once more.
“ The roast,” she urged, “ is sure to burn.”
The maiden gasped : “ I’m bound to learn
Ping-Pong.”

PING - PONG

The family lurked in the hall,
And moaned : " Are we to eat at all ? "
But still they heard the ping and pong
That made the cadence of a song —
Ping-Pong.

And back and forth they smote the sphere
Until the dawn of morning clear.
The father, mother, sisters, too,
Wailed hungrily : " Alas ! We rue
Ping-Pong."

.

One day the searchers, out of breath,
Found all these people starved to death ;
The cook, the housemaid, beau and belle,
The family — and, sad to tell,
Above them pinged the pongful knell :
" Ping-Pong."

Baltimore American.

SHARPS AND FLATS

SHARPS AND FLATS

TWO kindred hearts that sing
In a grand sweet song ;
For when his heart throbs " ping,"
Then hers throbs " pong ! "

Baltimore Herald.

PING-PONG HURT HIS HEART

PING-PONG HURT HIS HEART

O H, my home it is a wreck
And my wits are almost gone
Since my family learned a game
That they've all gone daffy on.
I have preached and plead and prayed,
But they just say, "Come along,
Now, daddie, to be in it,
You must play Ping-Pong."

CHORUS

It's all day long,
The same sing-song,
Come along, come along,
Play Ping-Pong.
My dreams prolong
The same ding dong,
Come along, come along,
Play Ping-Pong.

To a church social I went;
As I joined the motley throng,
I thought now they surely won't,
But it's right there I was wrong.

PING - PONG HURT HIS HEART

I went to see my neighbors,
But, oh, why the tale prolong?
I found them all a-playing
What they call Ping-Pong.

Says I, mother-in-law will not,
For she could not get along,
But she found some one stone deaf
Who could stand her language strong.
We've a heathen Chinese cook,
And he calls himself Wing Wong,
We're the onlys on our block
Not playing Ping-Pong.

I cannot reform the world,
I have tried it now too long,
To my reformation clubs
There is no one will belong;
So I guess I'll just get in
With the whole world going wrong,
And I'll learn this little game
That they call Ping-Pong.

M. E. HALE.

San Francisco Examiner.

CONFESS₁ION

CONFESS₁ION

I KNOW I must be wrong,
But I cannot love Ping-Pong,
I cannot sing
In praise of ping;
I have no song for pong.
Philadelphia Bulletin.

WILL WE GO BACK TO TENNIS?

WILL WE GO BACK TO TENNIS?

THERE'S hardly any difference, so far as I can
see,

Betwixt the game of tennis and the game of double
"p" —

While Ping-Pong is a table game, and tennis of the
field,

Both games are played with balls and net—the
players racquets wield.

But that cannot be said to be the point, I must admit;
While tennis is a warmish game, it seems Ping-Pong
is it!

Yet since there's no great difference, will Ping-Pong's
name be Dennis?

And when the heated term comes on, will folks go
back to tennis?

Somehow there seems to be a fad for toadying to
name —

We'd rather have a crazy thing, though it is all the
same;

Just hustle up a zibberzipp instead of old croquet,
And down we'll fall and howl for zibberzipp 'most
any day.

WILL WE GO BACK TO TENNIS?

It isn't that the game is changed, but it's because
the rose,
Called by the name we've learned to love, is in its
dying throes;
Hence, if some chap would dub bridge whist by name
of zennys jennys,
There'd be a great big funeral, just like there was of
tennis.

It's human nature, I suppose; the girl that's christened Liz
Feels that she's handicapped, of course — and I
suppose she is.
We never hear of barber shops; tonsorial parlors
they
Have come to be entitled in this title-crazy day.
But what I started out to say was, through the heated
spell
Will we continue Ping-Pong, or will tennis do as
well?
In other words, as I have said, will Ping-Pong's
name be Dennis
And will we gradually come to trifle some with
tennis?

Baltimore News.

THE RUBAIYAT OF PING-PONG

THE RUBAIYAT OF PING-PONG

AROUSE ! the woods are wet, the birds a-song,
Shake off your slumbers, you're asleep o'erlong ;
Put on pyjamas — seek a table and
Begin to play your daily stunt — Ping-Pong.

Why waste the night in sleep when you can play
Ping-Pong? Awake, and thus begin the day ;
Your wife no doubt will join you in the game,
If not, the janitor will join the fray.

Why go to bed at all? Begin at night
To play, and keep it up till morning light,
And thus you'll grow proficient at the thing,
And put your rash opponents all to flight.

Behold the cook — the kitchen table spread
With net, and see her duck her frowzled head
As swift the hostler drives the little ball —
Great Scott! — it lights right in a pan of bread.

The breakfast waits — 'twould be a frightful shame
To spoil with breakfast such a dandy game,
The steak is burning — let it crisp and curl —
Don't bother cook — no, not in heaven's name !

THE RUBAIYAT OF PING-PONG

The coffee cools, the horses are not fed,
The toast is black, but no one cares a red,
The kids are playing in another room —
The master and the mistress, overhead.

Behold the lovers as they play Ping-Pong,
They're at it all the summer evening long,
He serves the ball, she strikes it out, Gee whiz!
She's knocked his eye out, for she struck it wrong,

They do not stop the game for minor woes,
He hits the ball and there it swiftly goes;
Ah, turn aside a moment, gentle folks,
It's hit the maiden on her pretty nose.

She's back at him — she's got him going south;
The ball has struck him squarely in the mouth,
His teeth give way — they rattle down his throat,
Yea, truly she has got him going south.

Around the table see them bend and stoop;
They hit the air with sweep and swipe and swoop,
They strike the chandelier a mighty whack,
And broken glass falls down upon the group.

The window lights are broken all to bits,
The mirrors, too, come in for numerous hits,
The sideboard loses all its costly glass,
And everything obtains particular fits.

THE RUBAIYAT OF PING-PONG

Break up the furniture and bruise and maim,
It matters not — this is the bon ton game,
The smart set leads the way — all tag along,
The Ping-Pong path's the only road to fame.

And some wear many bruises — yea, 'tis true,
Some eyes are bunged and some are black and blue,
Some teeth are out, some cheeks are red and raw —
It matters not — it is the fad — it's new.

A knuckle skinned — a head that's badly bumped ;
A back that's aching and severely humped ;
A swollen nose — ah, what indeed are these ?
The game is great — all others have been dumped.

Cut out your tennis and the game of golf,
Eschew high five and poker — they are off
The board — pinochle too is now passe ;
At all such games ping-pongers sneer and scoff.

The infants play it as they " goo " and drool,
The children play the game while they're at school,
The farmers play it and the farmers' wives,
With butter-ladle and with net and spool.

And married folk, who do not well agree,
Take up the game with truly friendly glee ;
'Tis here they get a chance to vent their spites
And not get yanked in justice courts, you see.

THE RUBAIYAT OF PING-PONG

The granddads and the grandmams all cavort
Their stiff rheumatic limbs in this fine sport ;
The fat and lean, the white and black and red,
Yea, all are in the craze, the tall and short.

They all are daffy o'er the little game,
The blind, the halt, the aged and the lame,
The tender youth, the hoary-headed man,
The little girl, the antiquated dame.

The rich, the poor, the wicked and the good,
The dead would play it if they really could ;
The crazy people think it just the thing,
The game is great — when it is understood.

The world is Ping-Pong mad — across the sky
The milky way is stretched a net so high,
The stars the balls, the comets are the bats,
They're playing Ping-Pong there — and that's no lie.

Chicago Chronicle.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

TIME was, and not so long ago,
 When dances, dinners, teas —
When theatre, exhibit, show —
 When all one's charities —
When musicales and cards and calls
 And rides and drives and walks,
Receptions, luncheons, weddings, balls,
 Church, concerts, readings, " talks " —
The opera, the fête, the fair,
 The paper chase, the beach,
Golf, tennis, polo — all we dare,
 And everything in reach —
 Sans reason and sans rhyme,
 Took all the blessed time.

Yet somehow now and then was found
 A day or so to spare
To make the needful shopping round,
 Or give the body care.
The tailor, modiste, milliner,
 Must needs their meed of time
Accorded be ; masseuse, masseur,
 The dentist, doctor ; I'm

PING-PONG

Struck dumb with wonder and amaze ;
There must be something wrong,
For so much shorter now the days
That then were none too long.
Tired nature's sweet restorer I
Would like to have a chance to try.

Time was, and not so long ago,
When, spite of all, was time
The trend of current thought to know,
Its humbler heights to climb.
Time was when often to one's knee
Clambered the blessed child ;
But now — oh, say ! d'ye share the glee
With which the whole world's wild ?
D'ye play Ping-Pong ? Come, have a game !
What did we ever do
With our old selves ? How dull and tame
The stupid life we knew !
Sing, merrily sing,
With a ding-dong, ding-dong, ding !
With a Ping-Pong, Ping-Pong, Ping !
Ding-dong —
Ping-Pong —
Ping !

MRS. RUTHELLA S. BOLLARD.
San Francisco Examiner.

PINGPONGITIS

PINGPONGITIS

ANOTHER craze the town has struck,
A brand-new social fad,
And we who watch shall play in luck
If we're not driven mad;
So let me take my lyre down
And weave a poet's song
About this rage of all the town,
This game they call Ping-Pong.

There was a time when if you'd show
That you had wealth galore,
Society would not be slow
To ope' for you its door;
But things have changed a lot of late,
For now you can't belong
To any swagger set first rate
Unless you play Ping-Pong.

No more is scandal fresh discussed
Or five o'clock pink tea,
No longer do they get divorced
In swell society;

PINGPONGITIS

For they've no time to bother now
With this or that one's wrong,
Since folks exclusive talk and row
About this dear Ping-Pong.

And going down the social scale
We find the craze has spread,
For though the infant loud doth wail,
There's none to give him bread ;
For mamma's in the parlor gay
Among a maddened throng
Of neighbors hammering away
At afternoon Ping-Pong.

The luncheon dishes go undone
Since Ping-Pong came to town,
But husbands who a meal have won,
By wives are done up brown ;
For though the toiler, sore and blue,
Doth for his supper long,
He'll have to wait till wife gets through
With games of her Ping-Pong.

And jokes on mother-in-law no more
Win their accustomed smile,
For Ping-Pong jokers have the floor,
The laughter to beguile ;

PINGPONGITIS

And there's the comic artist too,
He's stocking up quite strong
At present now with pictures new
About the fad, Ping-Pong.

Then finally there comes along
The newest Ping-Pong hat,
The Ping-Pong puzzle, Ping-Pong song
And Ping-Pong this or that;
The Ping-Pong walk, the Ping-Pong clan,
With Ping-Pong talk to fright us,
And lastly comes the Ping-Pong man,
Who has the pingpongitis.

W. CHANLER PATERSON.

San Francisco Examiner.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

(The *Table Tennis Gazette* has issued its first number.)

THE games our fathers played at school
Were poor, unscientific stuff,
The muddied oaf and flannelled fool
Were stupid and absurdly rough;
But brighter days have dawned and many's
The blessing poured on table tennis.

The poet's heart, that used to bound
To hear the woodland huntsman's scream
Backed by the tongue of every hound,
Now soars towards a sweeter theme —
A panegyric of Ping-Pong
In unpremeditated song.

And if you should be keen to know
The latest table-tennis news,
Who won the cup at Ben-by-Bow,
Which shape of racquet champions use,
Or what's the latest kind of net —
You'll find it all in the *Gazette*.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

Here every student of the game
 May learn (by cuts) the proper shot
For every stroke that has a name,
 And many others that have not.
Here you may learn if it is true
That *Tosher's* got his Ping-Pong blue.

And oh, the blessed day must come
 When journalist and racing tout,
Author and critic all are dumb,
 And Ping-Pong occupies about
(In place of politics and crimes)
A dozen columns of the *Times*.

Punch.

RUSHES

RUSHES

HE rushes through his baby clothes,
He rushes to long trousers :
He rushes out of innocence
To join the gay carousers.
He rushes into school, and then
He rushes out and looks
Around and thinks he's mastered all
There is to learn in books.
He rushes to Ping-Pong or golf,
Full of enthusiasm,
And when new crazes come along
He rushes in and has 'em.
He rushes some fair maiden next,
Forgetting other sports,
And in a little while they both
Rush madly for the courts.
Care-free, he rushes forth again
And for new pleasures scrambles,
Until at last the breezes rush
Above him through the brambles.
Chicago Record-Herald.

THE RAVAGES OF RECREATION

THE RAVAGES OF RECREATION

AND so it's come to this at last.
Arrangements are completed
By which our "croquet cracks" may be
For nerve excitement "treated!"
A "cure" has been devised which has,
We are assured, made many fit,
And will be specially employed
For croquet players' benefit.

A movement such as this, 'tis clear,
Cannot be now impeded.
There must be that development
Which is so sorely needed;
There, for example, should be "Homes"
(Thus euphuists would style 'em)
Where those who've played "Ping-Pong"
too much
Might find a fit asylum.

London Truth.

“THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN”

“THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN”

LIFE is growing hard and dreary; every pleasure
turns to gall;
In our very dreams we're haunted by a net and whiz-
zing ball;
And our backs are nearly breaking, and our youth-
ful limbs are sore,
For we're playing, playing Ping-Pong, which our
parents both adore.

We can recollect our feelings (which of late have had
such shocks)
When our father read the paper, and our mother
darned the socks;
But you *can't* respect your father when he's grovelling
on the floor,
Or is glaring at your mother if she doesn't know the
score!

Well! we'll try to bear our burden, and we'll never
talk of “fads,”
Nor remark on “modern mothers,” or “the latest
thing in dads,”

"THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN"

But we'll never know what peace is till we land upon
that shore
Where the fathers cease from pinging and the
mothers pong no more.

Punch.

A REVOLUTIONARY RUMOR

A REVOLUTIONARY RUMOR

(A morning paper suggests that there are signs of a reaction against table-tennis.)

ALAS! and is it even so?
Since all things change, must Ping-
Pong go?

Henceforward in what channels
Shall sportsmen turn their energy
Who muddied oafs disdain to be,
And shrink from foolish flannels?

What other pastimes shall incite
To emulation and delight
The circles that are tip-top?
Shall champions future glories win
With marble or with spilikin,
Or records beat at whip-top?

Perish the thought! such musings seem
The fancies of an idle dream;
Still in its grasp despotic
Shall Ping-Pong hold us, well content
Until some genius shall invent
A craze more idiotic.

Punch.

THE MAN, THE MAID, AND THE BALL

THE MAN, THE MAID, AND THE PING-
PONG BALL

(Triolets.)

THEY batted and chattered;
 The ball went ping-pong !
She laughed and he flattered;
They batted and chattered.
The lookers-on scattered,
 The game went along ;
They batted and chattered;
 The ball went ping-pong !

He said she was pretty ;
 The ball said ping-pong.
She said he was witty
To call her looks pretty ;
He hummed a love ditty,
 She trilled a love-song.
He sang she was pretty ;
 The ball sang ping-pong.

The celluloid pattered
 So merry, ping-pong !
It was late ; but what mattered ?
The celluloid pattered,

THE MAN, THE MAID, AND THE BALL

All records were shattered,
The players yet strong;
The celluloid pattered
So merry, ping-pong!

He stammered, "Sweet Lily,
I love you" — ping-pong!
She thought he was silly
To call her "Sweet Lily."
Her manner grew chilly;
But the game went along.
He repeated, "Sweet Lily" —
She answered, "Ping-Pong!"

Said he, "Others are pretty!"
(That ended Ping-Pong).
Said she, "You're not witty
To say others are pretty."
He said, "That's a pity."
She answered, "You're wrong."
He still thought her pretty.
The ball thought, ping-pong.

FRANCESCA JOSEPHARE.
San Francisco Examiner.

DISTINCTION

DISTINCTION

“ **H**AIL! you whose honored brow is girt
With bays that conquerors wear!
Of what achievement or desert
The glory do you bear?

“ Has prowess in the hard-fought fight
Brought you a hero's fame?
Or have you won the strenuous right
An athlete's prize to claim?

“ Have you by intellect attained
A goal worth striving for?
Since noble triumph may be gain'd
At peace, no less than war.”

“ No warrior I, with martial breast
By lust of glory fired;
No student's meed did I contest
By scholar's craft acquired.

“ No! but the action I have done
Earns laud of hand and lip,
Both near and far — for I have won
The Ping-Pong championship.”

Punch.

A PING-PONG PARODY

A PING-PONG PARODY

I CANNOT ping the old pongs,
I pung six months ago.
For Tendosynovitis has
O'erwhelmed me with its woe,
To serve all I cannot, and it fills me
with such pain
I cannot ping the old pongs,
Perhaps may not ping again.

I cannot ping the old pongs,
But visions come again
Of bisque balls swiftly flying,
Of friends almost insane,
Who, when these earthly fetters shall
have set their spirits free,
Will sit on the clouds ping-ponging
To all eternity.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE PING-PONG LOVER

THE PING-PONG LOVER

IT is not mine to serve with stately grace
The celluloid into my lady's face;
To win no game with skill to me is given,
I will not play at all unless I'm driven.
It is not mine,
It is not mine to send with easy grace
The light ball bounding,
The white ball bounding in my lady's face.

Not mine in endless rallies to repel
The thousand artful strokes she knows so well;
Not mine my suit victoriously to press
(My valet does this when 'tis in a mess!)
Not mine with futile,
Not mine with frantic racquet to repel
The curly service,
The cunning service that I know too well.

But mine it is to scramble in her train,
The search in darkened corners to maintain,
And lemonade to fetch with deference,
And call the score, oft "love," with look intense;

THE PING-PONG LOVER

The grateful liquid,
The blameless liquid fetch with reverence,
My pingful worship,
My pongful worship thus to evidence.

Punch.

WHY NOT?

WHY NOT?

(A writer in the *Week End*, describing an interview with M. Worth, said that gentleman "farewelled." It is the poet's prerogative to increase the vocabulary, and the following is an attempt in that direction).

I GARDENED in the evening shade,
And birds around me songed;
Indoors my friends, as sounds betrayed,
Ping-Ponged.

'Twas then that Jones came horsing by—
His steed was newly shoed—
He cordially "hulloa"-ed, and I
"How-doeed."

He told me how his meadows grassed
And how his poultry egged;
His views how houses should be glassed
I begged.

So he opinioned till I tired,
And backed him from the theme,
And then of butt'ring cows inquired
And cream.

WHY NOT?

While thus we conversated, Time
With ruthless footsteps onned,
It darked, we heard the Vesper chime
From yond.

At last we felt that we must part,
"Farewell, my friend," I cried,
And he, with anguish at his heart,
"Good-byed."
London Chronicle.

PING-PONG POSERS

PING-PONG POSERS

IF up-to-date you'll advertise
Ping-Pong shoes and Ping-Pong ties,
Ping-Pong cakes and Ping-Pong clothes
Ping-Pong pills and Ping-Pong hose,
Ping-Pong crackers, Ping-Pong soap,
Ping-Pong cocktails, Ping-Pong "dope,"
Ping-Pong cigarettes, Ping-Pong cigars,
Ping-Pong motors, Ping-Pong cars,
Ping-Pong tea of Ping-Pong brew,
Ping-Pong ice-cream soda, too.
Ping-Pong couches, Ping-Pong beds,
Ping-Pong hats for Ping-Pong heads,
Ping-Pong gowns for Ping-Pong girls,
Ping-Pong irons for Ping-Pong curls,
Ping-Pong shirts, and Ping-Pong stocks,
Ping-Pong watches, Ping-Pong clocks,
Ping-Pong curtains, Ping-Pong rugs,
Ping-Pong remedies for bugs,
Ping-Pong hairpins, Ping-Pong nails,
Ping-Pong carpets, Ping-Pong veils,

PING-PONG POSERS

Ping-Pong plasters for your corns,
Ping-Pong whistles, Ping-Pong horns,
Ping-Pong goods and Ping-Pong trash,
Why, then, you'll Ping-Pong lots of cash!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

Torrington (Conn.) Register.

WASTE

WASTE

FULL many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.
Full many a table stands unused between
The meals, because they don't play Ping-Pong
there.

Chicago Record-Herald.

THE BALLADE OF PING-PONG

THE BALLADE OF PING-PONG

I N the mouldy tombs of the long ago
Are the games that amused the grave and gay;
Nor the spring's sweet face, nor the winter's snow,
Nor the gloomy eyes of the autumn gray,
Shall see them again in their brave array,
As they poured out joy to the worldly throng.
All gone and forgotten quite — but say?
What do we care since we have Ping-Pong?

No more does the pleasure seeker go
To the football contest's wild affray.
Such brutal sport is now deemed low,
And tennis and golf have had their day.
And baseball, too, in the selfsame way
Has gone to its slumbers deep and long.
They are surely dead, but tell me, pray,
What do we care since we have Ping-Pong?

The circus, too, and the minstrel show
Are gone from the face of the earth to stay.
Checkers and chess are much too slow
For the hurry-up folks who are deemed au fait.

THE BALLADE OF PING-PONG

Old sledge that our grandfathers used to play,
And euchre and poker are sinful — wrong —
And dead as the others are — but hey?
What do we care since we have Ping-Pong?

ENVOI

From this workaday world of wealth and woe
Fled is the music of dance and song;
I am sure of that — but I want to know
What do we care since we have Ping-Pong?

E. D. MULCAHY.

San Francisco Examiner.

A SPRING SONG

A SPRING SONG

S^{ING}

Song

In the air,

Ding,

Dong,

Ding ;

Ping-

Pong

Everywhere,

Spring,

Sprong,

Spring.

Judge.

AN EXTRA-ACTIVE VERB

AN EXTRA-ACTIVE VERB

(The conjugation of the new verb "To Ping")

PRESENT TENSE

I PING.
Thou pongest.
He — ahem ! — plays " table-tennis."
We are all champions.
Ye pay subscriptions.
They are outsiders !

IMPERFECT AND AMATEURISH

I was pooh-poohing.
Thou wast using an eighteenpenny set.
He was wearing a club " blazer."
We were pitching into the umpire.
Ye were making your own rules.
They were having words.

PAST (*last season*)

I pang.
Thou pongedst.
He pung.
We grovelled after balls.

AN EXTRA-ACTIVE VERB

Ye split your trouser-knees.
They burst their braces.

FUTURE

I *will* ping, or perish in the effort.
Thou shalt "retrieve."
He will upset the furniture in his enthusiasm.
We shall annex the dining-room.
Ye shall go without dinner.
They (the servants) will bless us!

POTENTIAL MOOD

I may turn professional.
Thou mayest take lessons from me (five
guineas an hour).
She may show off her figure.
We may electrify Balham.
Ye may get "blues" (not "the blues").
They may win at the Aquarium.

OPTATIVE OR MATRIMONIAL MOOD

I might become a "parti."
Thou mightest introduce me to thy daughter.
She might double her chance of marrying.
We might Ping-Pong into "society."
Ye might "stand the racket."
They might hit it off.

AN EXTRA-ACTIVE VERB

IMPERATIVE

Play !
Let him mop !
Let's have a drink !
Go it, ye cripples !
Game !

PARTICIPLES

Present : Ping.

Passive : (not found).

Infinitive : To get into the Badminton Series,
and abandon the now undignified title of "Ping-
Pong."

A. A. S.

Punch.

THE PONGER AND THE PINGSTRESS

THE PONGER AND THE PINGSTRESS

IF a man who plays at Ping-Pong is a "ponger,"
Then a singer of a "sing-song" is a "songer;"
If the "songer" is a singer,
Then the "ponger" is a "pinger,"
And the man who says it's wrong must be a
"wronger."

If your charming partner at the game's a "pings-
tress,"

Then an operatic nightingale's a "singstress;"

If the song she sings is sung,

Is the game of ping-pong "pung?"

And is the girl who lingers called a "lingstress?"

London Mail.

SHAKESPEARE PING-PONGED

SHAKESPEARE PING-PONGED

IF Ping-Pong be the food of love, play on !
Give me too much of it, that, satiate,
My craze for it may tire out and vamoose.
That ball again? It had a pinging sound.
Oh, it struck on my ear like old-time boxings
That I received when I was but a lad,
Taking and giving lickings.

Judge.

PING-PONG

PING-PONG

HAIL to this, the name absurd —
Ping-Pong !

Like some Filipino word —
Ping-Pong !

Calabanga and Silang,
Butalong, Ibung, Indang,
Nasiping, Morong, Bambang —
Ping-Pong !

Chant caprice's latest gem —
Sing-song !
Sound of "bridge" the requiem —
Ding-dong !

Bat the celluloid about,
Mingling choler, laugh, and pout ;
One fad's in, the other's out —
Ping-Pong !

EDWIN L. SABIN.

Judge.

PING - PONG

PING - PONG

MYSTERIOUS game,
With the mellifluous name,
Ping-Pong !
I wonder what thou art?
How ever didst thou start?
How are you played?
Must you invoke the aid
Of cards and chips,
And various slips
Of paper where so oft we read anew
Those mournful hieroglyphics, I. O. U.
For if you do,
So long,
Ping-Pong.
But I in faith am half-inclined to say
That you were never really meant to play ;
That nature brought you forth to soothe the ear
With sweet monotony, subdued yet clear,
Like distant bells which from afar we hear.
Sing Song.
Ding Dong.
Ping-Pong.

Washington Star.

HER GAME

HER GAME

SHE cares not for Ping-Pong,
For golf nor croquet;

Not even lawn tennis

She's learned how to play.

In fact, she despises

These strenuous arts.

But she plays her cards well

In the game known as "hearts."

Philadelphia Bulletin

THE YAWP OF THE PING-PONG

THE YAWP OF THE PING-PONG

O H, say,
Do you play
Ping-Pong?
What's Ping-Pong?
Pshaw, go 'long!
It's Me;
See?
The latest game that's captured fame;
The freshest fad that may be had,
And everybody's got me bad.
From India's icy mountains
To Greenland's coral reef,
The way they're playing Ping-Pong
Surpasses all belief.
I come from China, as it appears,
Where Pigtailed have ping-ponged
For a thousand years;
And going to Britain,
The English grabbed
Me up in a way
They've always nabbed
Whatever they wanted; and p d q
I jumped from the ancient into the new.

THE YAWP OF THE PING-PONG

Then the Yankees caught on,
And I'm to-day
The only game that is fit to play.
Gee whiz !
If you don't know what Ping-Pong is
You'd better learn,
If you want to earn
Your title clear
To mansions in the best set,
For you'll never get
There if you don't;
And you won't
Ever be IT
If you don't ping-pong a little bit.
I may modestly state
That I am great.
But, in confidence now,
I do not see how
Every-one is so stuck on Me,
Unless it must be
That they have the worst
Kind of a thirst
For something new,
And Ping-Pong, between Me and you,
Is the only quencher they can get.
But what's that to me ?
Hully gee !

THE YAWP OF THE PING-PONG

They may ping the pong
All day long,
And pong the ping
Like everything.
And the pinger and the ponger,
In Ping-Pong garments gowned,
May ping their little racquets
And pong the balls around,
And talk about ping-ponging
To those who do not play,
Until they have them cussing
The cycle of Cathay,
And I won't say a word.
But yet
We cannot forget
The old time table-tennis,
Which did not bear the name
Of Fashion's favorite Ping-Pong,
But got there just the same.
Ding Dong! Ding Dong!
Ring out the old, ring in the new.
Ping-Pong! Ping-Pong!
They've really nothing else to do
But Me,
See?

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.
Cosmopolitan.

PING-PONG

PING-PONG

A WARNING

A DOCTOR sends this warning —
We trust that he is wrong —
He says the world is suffering
From the microbe of
Ping-Pong.

As proof of this assertion
He sends this list along :
Sad cases of those stricken
With the malady
Ping-Pong.

An actor acted Hamlet,
Then gave to please the throng
A clever imitation
Of a tyro at
Ping-Pong.

A woman went a-shopping
And spent the whole day long
Exchanging her new bonnet
For a cheap set of
Ping-Pong.

PING - PONG

A preacher gave a sermon —
“ My friends,” said he, “ belong :
Come join the club I’m forming
To propagate
Ping-Pong.”

A lover serenaded
His best girl with a song
That told not his devotion,
But the beauties of
Ping-Pong.

A poet wrote a sonnet,
The lines were fine and strong,
Then sold it to a dealer
To advertise
Ping-Pong.

Then comes a sad confession
This queer list to prolong,
The writer says, “ Please put me
With those crazy on
Ping-Pong.”

E. HARPENDING.

The Criterion.

THE DREADFUL GAME

THE DREADFUL GAME

AS I came through the dining-room thus it was,
As I came through the dining-room: the walls
were bare,
The room was stripped of sideboard, rack and
chair;
The chandeliers were gone, no globes of glass
Were visible, no ornaments of brass;
A simple table in the room unset,
And through its centre stretched a silken net:
I paused and asked, "What's wrong?"
The answer came, "Ping-Pong!"

As I came through the dining-room thus it was,
As I came through the dining-room: a youth and
maid
Pranced round the table as a game they played;
"Love forty" or "deuce game" or "thirty all"
Were the strange cries that rang through room and
hall;
And back and forth across the net they smote
A tiny sphere of celluloid whose note
Reiterated long,
Purred blithely this, "Ping-Pong."

THE DREADFUL GAME

As I came through the dining-room thus it was,
As I came through the dining-room: the cook dis-
mayed
And cross because of dinner long delayed;
The old folks hungry and inclined to scold
Because of visions of the victuals cold;
Their protests pass unheeded by the twain,
Who "serve," "return," "return" and "serve" again:
And thus the whole night long
They played Ping-Pong, Ping-Pong.

Rochester Post-Express.

PING-PONG IN ELF-LAND

PING - PONG IN ELF - LAND

IN Foxglove county, Fairyland,
The elves and fays I understand
Have welcomed with the greatest glee
Ping-Pong to their society.

A toadstool, tall and strong and stable,
Makes a most perfect Ping-Pong table;
A web of fine-spun spiders' thread
Across the table taut is spread.

Stout leaves, picked from a berry vine,
Make bats that are amazing fine;
While lizard eggs, round, soft and white,
Prove better balls than xylonite.

The Queen Titania tries her luck
At Ping-Pong with her lover Puck,
And strives to win the Mascot prize,
A jewel from a toadlet's eyes.

Each happy hit, each skilful stroke,
A rousing cheer will sure provoke
From all the audience of elves
Who in the foxgloves perch themselves.

PING-PONG IN ELF-LAND

“ Deuce ! vantage out ! — now vantage in !
Hurrah ! Titania’s scored a win.”
These cries you hear the whole eve-long
When elfins ping and faylets pong.

T. CROMWELL LAWRENCE.

The Delineator.

THE END.

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